

1962

Vox Collegii

India
Ram Vasari

Ontario

Ladies

College

Whitby

Ontario

Canada

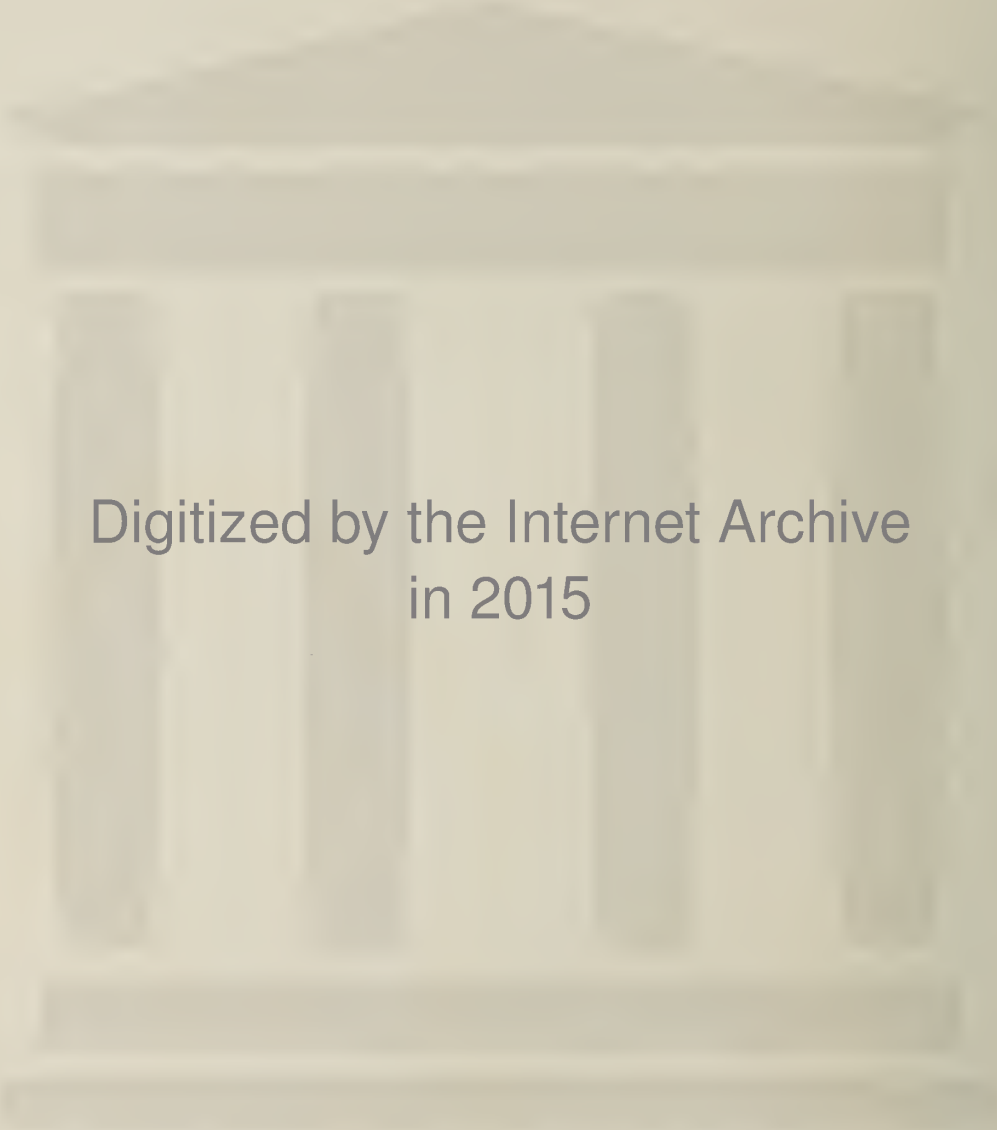
India
(Here's my
contribution to
your book.)

1961-2.

the Hall.

"Red"

I don't chew gum
"much"
eh?



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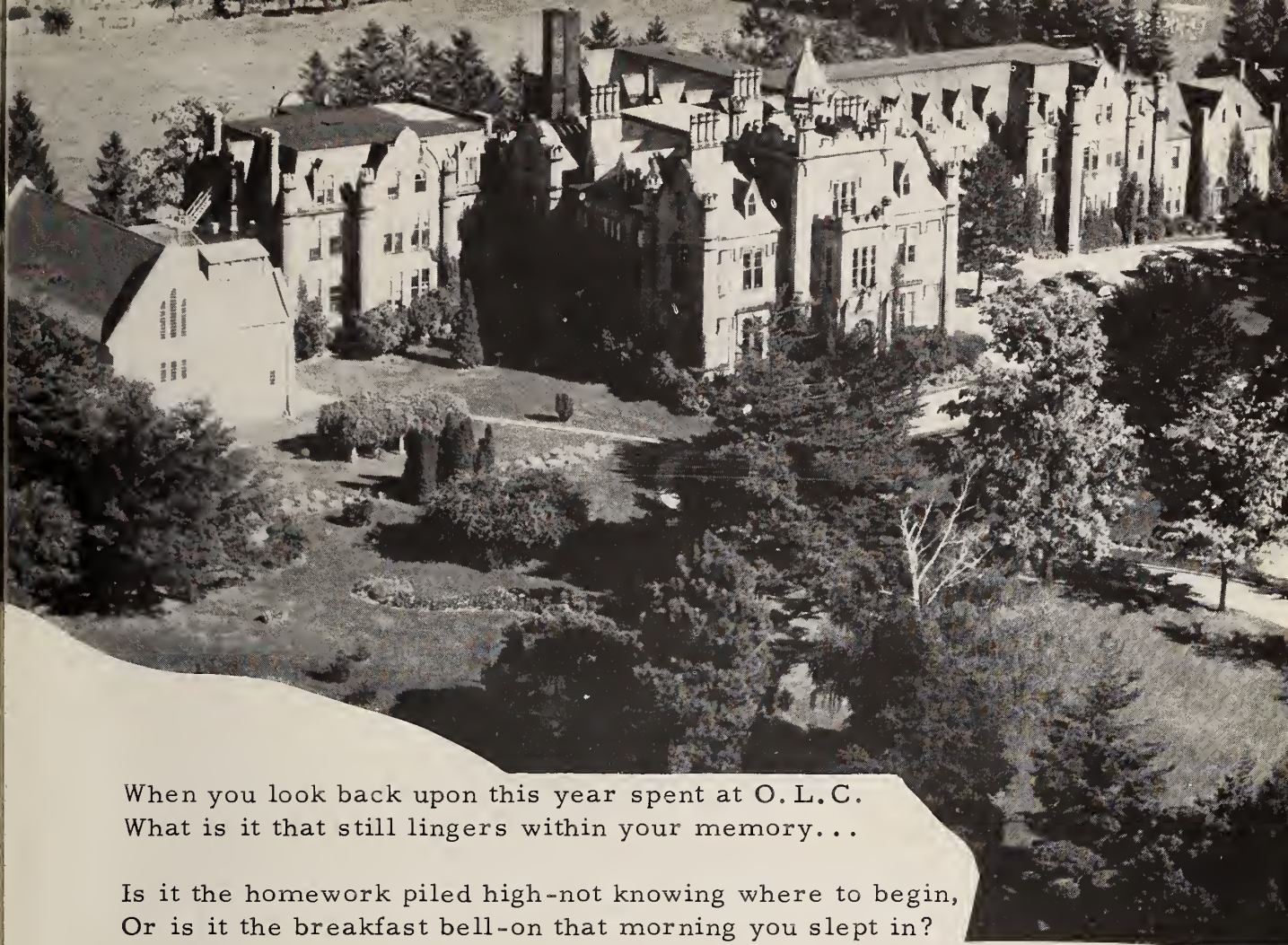
PHOTOGRAPHY

Marjorie Maxwell,

Molly McQuarrie Sheila Moore,

FACULTY ADVISORS:

Miss Cooke, Miss Tamplin



When you look back upon this year spent at O.L.C.
What is it that still lingers within your memory...

Is it the homework piled high-not knowing where to begin,
Or is it the breakfast bell-on that morning you slept in?

Is it the time that you got caught at a party after lights
Or is the delightful thought of all those pillow fights?

Perhaps, it's the Christmas dinner when you couldn't wait to be
As far away as possible from dear old O.L.C.

Or maybe it's the formal when everything seemed great
-That is if you were able to get yourself a date!

And then there's after May Day, when you felt half dead
And you didn't even notice the 'apple-pied' bed!

But nights before exams are unpleasant to recall,
'Cause there was much uneasiness on every single hall.

But at Commencement now, the year has past.
May the knowledge you've gained last and last.

May you not forget experiences and friendships true,
The difference one smile or one word can do!



Principal's Message

Dear Learner:

In Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales I found a story today about the steadfast tin soldier. Two boys had come outside after a heavy rain and found a tin soldier lying on the ground. They picked him up and decided he should be the pilot for their boat. Out of a newspaper they fashioned a little boat, which they immediately set in the stream of water rushing down the gutter. In it stood the tin soldier, racing along, while the boys ran alongside, clapping their hands. He plunged, swerved first to this side and then to that, he would hesitate on the brink of disaster, but then bob up again as straight as he had ever been. Not a muscle moved on his face! He looked straight forward, and held his gun firmly in his hands. Suddenly the stream ran under a bridge and the tinsoldier was swept into darkness; it was blacker than the box in which he used to be kept. A water rat living under the bridge hailed him, and asked him for his pass; but the little tin soldier held more firmly to his gun and went swiftly by, leaving the rat far behind shouting. "Stop him! Stop him! He hasn't paid his fare!"

In life we are all creatures who are swept forward on the barge of circumstances, most of it not of our own choosing, and all of it surprisingly full of dangerous twists. Without pressing the analogy any further- I dare not, if I am to preserve the truth! I should like to direct your attention to that little tinsoldier as a symbol of steadfast adherence to a driving purpose- just that and no more. The complexity of our lives today makes it indubitably essential to keep our eyes on the Holy City if we are to negotiate the distance we are to travel with honour and integrity. May this School leave with you a valuable deposit of "Veritas, Virtus, Venustas" for you to guard and enrich with care.

God be with you- but, more important still, - you be with God!

Stanley L. Osborne



Dean's Message

Dear Girls:

It is with a somewhat greater sense of direction that I write this message to you in my second year as Dean at Ontario Ladies' College. As I look back over the months since I last wrote for Vox Collegii I realize I have now shared all the traditional events which have been a part of OLC for many years. I have also seen one group of students leave our school and a new group enter its halls. This causes me to ask the question: "How can we best prepare ourselves to meet life in this 20th century atomic age?" In reply to this question, there comes to mind a few well chosen words of advice from my former principal, Dr. E. Gordon Waugh, given to us during other turbulent days.

"Here are some watch-words to point the ways in which I feel sure we can make a contribution to our world.

Fear and love God. Only through seeking His glory can we possibly achieve anything of value.

Serve your fellow man. Put the true interests of others first and try to really put yourself second.

Laugh much and find sources of humour and fun everywhere. Enjoy life and be keen about its experiences. Never grow sour, never grow cynical, never grow pessimistic.

Seek knowledge, true knowledge. Never let yourself cease to learn, never let your mind be apathetic. One of the truest and most lasting joys in life comes from mental activity."

I could go on and on with much more advice about how best to meet life in the 20th century, but we learn to live by living. There are many things you must discover for yourselves, but there are also many things you can learn from the experience of others. I should like to think that here at OLC you may learn to know when you must discover things for yourself and when it is best to seek the advice of others. May God grant you wisdom, understanding and guidance as you set out to make your contribution to a divided world. I know His love will surround you.

Affectionately,

Mary Elizabeth Bone



— DEDICATION —

"Mom Moore," as everyone called her, was the Housemother on the Elementary Hall for 14 years, until 1958. Prior to this, she, herself, was a student of music at O.L.C.; she practised eight hours a day.

Many girls entered and passed through the gates of O.L.C. during her years here, and all will, most certainly, remember her.

Because of the companionship and guidance she offered to so many girls, we wish to remember and to thank her.

Therefore, with great pride and pleasure, we dedicate
our yearbook
to

~ Mom Moore ~

Editorial

Good!



Life is a great adventure, a challenge, an experience ! Our life at O.L.C.this year, I hope, has revealed to us that it is through co-operation, fellowship and a working together in love and harmony that we gain success and happiness.

Now is the time for each one of us to make a decision-a decision to decide our goal in life. We must be willing to accept responsibility and to bear many disappointments as well as joys. We must choose carefully for our decision will influence many. Our country of tomorrow depends upon the character quality and ability of the young people of today. Our path in life will not be an easy one but herein lies -a challenge!

To those who are leaving O.L.C. this year and to those who will return, I wish you success, trusting that each will do her best remembering that:

Your lifetime lies before you
Like a path of driven snow
So be careful how you tread in it
For every step will show

On closing, I would like to say 'thank you' to all those of the Year Book Staff who have proved by their efforts and this book what a co-operative group can do. A special thanks is extended to both Miss Cooke and Miss Tamplin whose untiring work and kind advice helped make this book possible.

MARILYN MAXWELL

Faculty...



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MRS. BROOKS:



MRS. BROUGHTON:



MISS COOKE:



MRS. FORD:



MR. HALLETT:



MR. HENDERSON



MRS. MATHERS



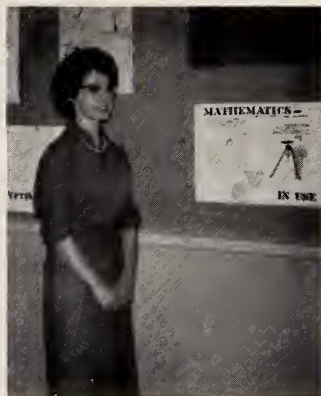
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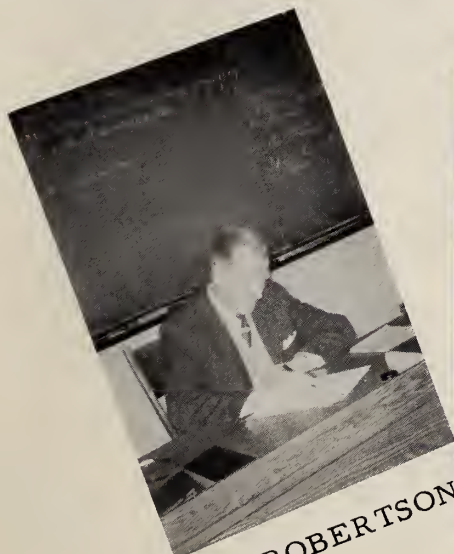
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MISS McDOWELL:



MISS TAMPLIN:



MR. ROBERTSON



MRS. ROBLIN:



MISS SAUNDERS

The

Staff



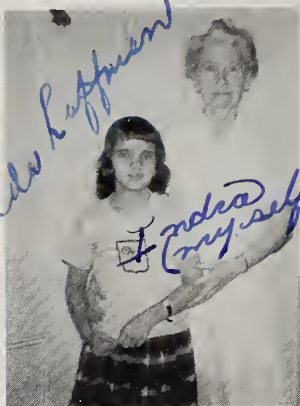
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MRS. BIRD



MRS. LUFFMAN



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MRS. CARLEY



MRS. TUCKER



MRS. LAMB



MRS. BLOCKSIDGE



MRS. BOWLER

GRADS





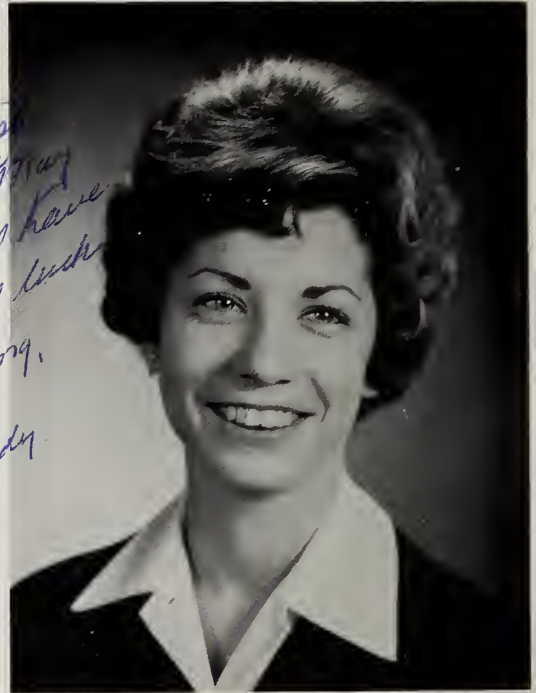
SANDRA CARTER

A nicer Head Girl would be hard to find-
More friendly or competent either!
With a ready smile for all our kind
Be we grumpy, happy, or neither.
She starts her day in a hurried way.
And how she does- it's hard to say.

*To the sweetest
flower girl
Queen could have
had. Best of luck
in everything.
Sandra. Sandy.*

BEVERLEY BUTLER

If it's bouncing or twisting or laughing or glee
You can be perfectly sure that it's Beverley
She's one of those ones that are never blue
And there's not a thing that she can't do
Carter's the lucky house she leads
And she's just the type that this class needs.



RETA CHEGANO

Reta is another one that lives in one nineteen
She's superstitious, funny, and a cold air fiend.
Always game for a prank or three
She often wonders where her mail could be.
But male or no mail it really doesn't matter
She'll make a good mate for some kid's pater.



DIANNE CHOWN:

Short and sweet is our Dianne,
 She's willing to help wherever she can.
 'Cause of her amusing wit
 She's always busy with a skit,
 With her bright smile and shiny nose
 Dianne has friends wherever she goes!

GINA DOWEY

Who's the blonde
 On Senior Hall,
 Who has a smile
 And "hello!" for all?
 A treat to meet, late or early,
 That's our cheerful Gina Dowe!



MARILYN EPHGRAVE

Marilyn is an earnest one
 And yet she's really piles of fun
 Genuinely interested in all we do,
 Winning everyone with her eyes of blue.
 No fair-weather friend, she is, is she
 And she's always there with her "Oh really?"





BONNIE HOOKER

Bonnie is one of us,
Though she may be
An eight-to-four day girl,
She's referred to as "we"
Always cheery, she breaks our routine,
By bringing a breath of the "civilized scene"



BARBARA JANSTROM

Barbara, Barbara, what shall we do?
Reta needs her rollers and June does too!
Roomies are a trial for this sweet soul
But she takes it out on her daily stroll
Artistic and musical- and a whole lot more-
Talks in her sleep with a great furore.



ELIZABETH HAZEN

Beware, beware for here comes Liz
She's headed in this direction
And from the look beneath her frizz
We'll need some good protection.
On she storms tillGlory be!
The scowl cracks and... "Hi, eebee!"



*Good luck to a great
Diane little girl*

DIANE KEMPTON

Kempie's our choice
Wherever we go;
She keeps spirits high,
And worries low.
The d. d. benefits from her services,
On dance decorations, she seemed tireless.

RUTH MACKENZIE

From far Brazil this kid hails
And her darling dimple never fails.
Too bad she's not an early riser
'Cause Carter, her roomie, isn't either.
But late or early it makes no diff
For she makes it up by being terrif.



JILL MACMILLAN

Who's this I see coming down the halls
Her blanket wrapped around her?
She didn't hear those bells at all
Or feel her roommates pound her
You'd never believe to see her thereafter
That she could be so full of laughter.



MARGARET McCULLOUGH
 Peg's got a phone call!
 Rings down the hall again.
 But really it's no wonder
 For she is such a doll
 She'd do anything for anyone
 So we don't mind at all!



ANNE MARTIN
 On Senior Hall
 She does not live,
 But is she with us?
 Sure she is!
 Tho' far away, she's always "in"!
 What's her name? Why, Anne Martin!



SUSAN MOFFATT
 Where there's laughter, Susie's there
 In the middle of a bunch
 Singing, swinging, exercising,
 Working off their lunch.
 Always laughing, full of beans,
 She hardly knows what 'serious' means.



JUDY OLMSTED

If it's an argument in English
 You'll know who-
 That also goes for French
 And the other subjects too!
 But do without her? Not a prayer!
 For life'd be too dull if Judy wasn't there!

JACQUELINE PARADIS

For beating of roomies, Jaci's best
 In fact poor Emily get's no rest-
 For telling jokes or setting hair
 There's none better anywhere-
 Just think how dead our life'd be
 Without our funny Miss Paradis!



BONNIE PEDERSON

Bonnie is a vibrant lass
 Exuding joy around her
 Nylons to bed and letters amass
 Seems nothing at all confounds her
 And we are proud of our western miss
 For a nicer consort we couldn't wish.





JUNE PROCTOR

Proctor, Proctor everywhere -
In the hall, or on the stair;
Where she is, there's laughter ringing,
And oh, my goodness! now she's singing!
About Albert College she's usually kidding -
I wonder then, why all that knitting?

NANCY RICHARDSON

At first she seems a quiet kid
But later we know better
For tho' she never flips her lid,
Or screams when she gets a letter,
She's always wearing that familiar smile
Which shows that she's no bibliophile.



BRENDA SHIER

Brenda is a cheerful lass
You should see her after class!
She enjoys making Na_2CO_3
Perhaps she'll end up teaching Chemistry"
Her outside interests she keeps to herself
Who is her b.f. - Barry, John, or Ralph?





EMILY SMITH

One of the co-presidents of the famed "T.T."
 Long-standing member of the H.F.U.P.H.D.
 If you need her she's rocking in 119,
 And if she's not there, that's where she's just been
 Need buddy or help or plain old parley?
 There's not many better than dear old Charley.

KAY SARJEANT

If it's organ or piano, or even singing too
 There isn't very much that Katrina can't do!
 Teaching here next year will be real cool
 Then perhaps on to the U.C. Training School.
 We really can't tell what her future will be
 But at present she's adviser to the noisy T. T.

College Song

1 *Dear old Trafalgar*
Hear thou our hymn of praise
Hearts full of love we raise
Proudly to thee.
Thy splendour never falls,
Truth dwells within thy walls,
Thy beauty still enthralls,
Dear O.L.C.

3 *O! Alma Mater!*
How can we from thee part?
Thou only hast our heart,
Dearest of schools!
Thy glory we shall see
Wherever we may be.
Still love of O.L.C.
Our future rules.

2 *Through thee we honour*
Truth, virtue, loveliness,
Thy friendships e'er possess
Our constancy.
Thy spirit fills us through
So we'll be ever true
To our dear blue and blue
Of O.L.C.

Juniors

JAN BAILEY:

Jan's voice is really soft and sweet,
A cuter gal you ne'er will meet,
There's no doubt about Jan
She's sure to get 'her man'!



JUDY BARR:

Judy came late to our hall,
But still was Princess of the ball,
She always wears a smile, never a frown.
Judy won't let you down!



JILL CALLINGHAM:

Late, to OLC Jill came,
But, found a room-mate just the same!
Dianne and Jill were friends before.
Together they have fun galore!



DONNA CAMPBELL:

"Soupy" hails from the warm South Sea.
Her Cha-Cha is a sight to see!
A doctor she aspires to be
And then to major in surgery.



SHARON COLEMAN

Sharon's one and only one
Usually lives in Fredericton
And this phrase is often said
"Sorry, Coach. I lost my head".



JANET COVENTRY:

Maxwell's House-Captain, without any doubts.
"Come on, kids" Janet shouts!
Janet hails from Angleterre
Where there's screaming she's surely there.



PATRICIA COWAN:

Nickname's she has by the score,
She's never thought to be a bore.
Running around like a mother hen
Taking care of the S.C.M.



Dear Indra,
Hope you enjoyed your
stay in Canada and
that you will see
back next year then,
See you then,
Vanessa

Indra, I hope you enjoyed your stay in Canada and that you will see back next year then, See you then, Vanessa



JANET DILWORTH:

From Stouffville Joyce hails with a smiling face
We wonder how she keeps up with the pace
Joyce was elected Queen of the Ball,
And she's Class President on our hall.

JOYCE DE WITT:

'Janners' looks like an angel,
But really she is not,
She acts like a devil
And never gets caught!



JUDITH DRYNAN:

"Whence comes that goodly fragrance,"
Some students ask at push.
It's not the cake or pumpkin pie,
It must be Jid's "Ambush"!

MIDGE EDWARDS:

Midge gets 'male' galore
But always wants more.
The last one up, the last one down
She, practically lives downtown!



DOROTHY ELSIE:

Who's that cheerful little voice?
That always says, "Hi Creep"
Why 'tis the Elsie, rejoice!
For we all love her down deep.

NEAL GRIBBEN:

Hare House- Captain's really swell,
But hardly ever hears the bell.
Detroit's the pass-word, Fella's the cue
Then, there's College and 'sports cars too!



CATHERINE HOLMES:

Catherine or maybe Kit
Is certainly a splendid wit.
And Mrs. Tait just scolds and chides
Those who suffer 'splitting sides'!

HEATHER INGLE:

Every morn before the bell rings
Heather rises and then she sings.
She fusses constantly with her hair
And never knows just 'what to wear'.





MARILYNNE MACK:

Marilynné Mack is our A.A.
A game she sure knows how to play.
Nursing she'll enter next fall,
Then- what about poor Paul?

MARILYN MAXWELL:

Marilyn Maxwell's quite a kid,
Hardly ever flips her lid,
Year book Prefect, on the ball
She's sure to be the best of all!



CHRISTINE MC DOUGALL;

Chris comes from up Ottawa way,
And always has something to say,
Room 141 is forever a mess
The reason why you'd never guess!

MOLLY MC QUARRIE:

Molly Mouse, Captain of Farewell,
Never seems to hear the bell.
She whistles by night and day,
And is always bright and gay.



ELEANOR ROBERTSON:

With hair of brown, eyes of blue
Eleanor's from Ottawa too.
Shouts of laughter and glee
Mean's she's in Room 133!

LESLIE SNELGROVE:

Leslie is Jan's room-mate
Goodness, what a scream!
They talk and talk until it's late
Even while they dream.

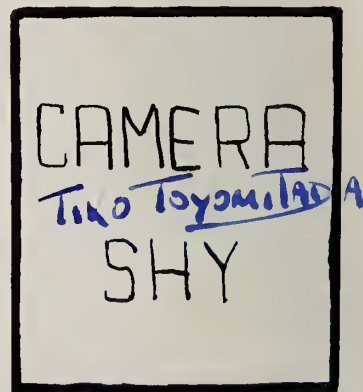


LOIS WILSON:

Lois is a quiet girl,
Yet keeps her room-mate in a whirl
Her hair is blonde, her eyes are blue
There's not much she won't do!

TIKO TADA:

Tiko is only a nickname
But she likes it just the same
Her hair is as black as night
And it always looks just right.





GRADE XI

Front Row

JANET McRAE
VIVIAN SELF
CHARLOTTE DAFOE
WANDA FARIS
CAROL INCH

PET SAYINGS:

Now look.....!
Oh! Geel
"Oh! Sharon stop hitting me, -it hurts
I'd better get a call from Dave, tonight
I hate to mention it Sharon, but I think it's time to clean the closet

Middle Row

LAUREEN MOODY
CAROLYN CAMPBELL
SHARON RAMSEY
KATHY POTTLE

Oh, he is so cute !
"Oh, McGillicuddy!! "
It's either me, the castanets or the tap shoes!
How've you been?

Back Row

CAROL CROCKER
LISA GIRVEN
CARMEN BROWN
JULIE HAMILTON
MARGARET ANN LITTLE
CAROLE MOTT
WENDY PIPER

"Got another letter from 'him' today! "
"Y-E-A Bombers! "
"Jumping Jehosophat"
I had a letter from him (Davy, of course)!
Close the door, Carmen! It's from our mutual friend
Hey guys, wait for me!
I've been going around in a daze for days!

Absent.

CHRIS McKINNEY

Not Faith and Charity but it's Hope I want!



GRADE X

Front Row

SUE HALL:

MARJORIE MAXWELL

LESLIE ORMSTON:

EVE TAYLOR:

Middle Row

SHEILA MOORE:

BARBARA JAMES

CAROLYN TANNER:

SUSANNE RANKIN:

PENNY FASKEN:

Back Row

LINDA WILLAN:

ANN McWHIR

JULIE JARVIS:

ROSEMARY CHAPMAN:

JULIE ADDISON:

ROBIN McGibbon:

DIANNE SMYTH:

GUDRUN MANDLER

Ambition:

To be an Airline Stewardess

To be a model

To be an Airline Stewardess

To be a commercial artist

To be a spinster.

To be a vet

???

To be a commercial artist

To own a Sunbeam

Dietitian

To be an organist

To put streaks and stripes in hair

To be a teacher

To be a Doctor

To be a nurse

To be a nurse

German teacher at OLC.

Probable Fate:

Dies in arms of a parachuter!

Own a T. Ford!

Married to the pilot

A paint-brush cleaner!

Housewife

White-washing barns

!!!

A Signpost painter

Finding a nice mechanic!

Food Poisoning

A piano tuner!

Bald!

Principal's wife

Married to a certain teacher?!

Patient?!

Married to the doctor!

To be a U.N. interpreter



Dear

GRADE IX

Front Row

BARBARA JUPP

ANN RICHARDS

MAUREEN JONES

DIANE McCORMICK

WENDY SCHLOEN

Middle Row

LINDA SUMMERBELL

PATSY NEWMAN

SHIRLEY STORM

BARBARA HARDING

MARG. GODEFROY,

MARY LOUISE DONALD

Mary Louise Donald

Back Row

RUTH HILL

SIEGRID MANDLER

SANDRA GILL

SUE KING

HELEN JANES

FAVOURITE EXPRESSIONS

It's going to be 5¢ or Nothing

But Miss Saunders, - I wasn't talking

Oh "Sailor" - It's somewhere beyond the sea!

T'was nothing

Bolderdash to Tannenbaum !

It just isn't fair!

I didn't know we were going to have it today

Tommy can't come

Hey Listen!

What's ya doin "Cadunky"

Umm

But I can't dot it!

Runaround Sue

But I had to go to choir practice

It's pitiful!

Those nails are coming!



ELEMENTARIES

Front Row

JILL LAMBERT

HEATHER COWLE

JENNIFER GREGG

EDIE RANTOUL

BARCLAY JANE GREY

Middle Row

SUSAN HASTINGS

JUDY LAMBERT

SUSAN DICKSON

ANN CARLEY

LOIS LOFTHOUSE

Back Row

CASSANDRA KEYSER

DONNA HALL

PET SAYINGS

"Brain!"

"Oh, it's just beautiful!"

* Well, why can't we? *

"Oh"

* Is this all right, Mrs. Ford? *

"Will you haul your carcass..."

"Gads, what a nut!"

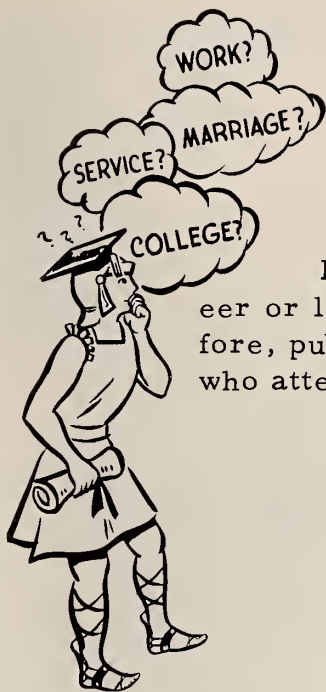
"That's a pity"

"Well, what about it?"

"Well, it takes brains"

"Heavens to Mergatroid" *Cassandra Keyser*

"Tough Bananas Kid"



Many of you are, perhaps, still undecided as to what career or line of work you will choose for the future. We are, therefore, publishing a few letters from last year's graduating students who attempted to tell a little about their college life.

St. Hilda's College
44 Devonshire Place
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

Dear O.L.C. Students:

It is a great surprise to receive your letter and I am glad to tell you a little about my life at the University of Toronto.

Football in the Fall is one of the main attractions. Being at O.L.C. for four years, I had never even seen the game played. Intrigued, I joined the Trinity Girls Football Team. At the first game, being quite confused, I found myself racing up the field in the wrong direction and ended up with a black eye from an over-anxious team-mate. I'm now quite satisfied to spectate!

Every morning I am reminded of O.L.C. by the piercing sound of a BELL! Of course, there are no lines to dash to and no one even cares if I ever get out of bed!

We wear academic gowns to all our classes and meals, a feature which distinguishes Trinity from the other Colleges. This may not appeal to you but there is one decided advantage. If you get up late, it does hide those rolled up pyjamas! Of course, I don't advise this but it is handy!

As at OLC, at Trinity we are able to work closely with our professors due to the small classes. This also leads to a greater opportunity for closer friendships and a stronger unity within the College.

I sincerely hope to see some of you at Toronto next year and, of course, Trinity is the "only" Arts College.

Now, that OLC is behind me, I can only look back on it with very fond memories and wish you every success.

Yours sincerely,
Judy Wolfe

McGill University
Montreal

Dear O. L. C. Students,

It is a pleasure for me to have the opportunity to write to you and to tell you about life on the McGill campus.

My first impression of McGill was that I was only a very minute part of a huge institution. There were thousands of students, very few of whom I already knew. In short, I was lost, completely confused with the activity going on around me. Fortunately, I am living in the women's residence here, Royal Victoria College, and on my floor I discovered there were twenty-two other freshettes just as confused as I was. Also, there is a wonderful Freshmen Reception Committee here at McGill, which did its utmost to introduce us to college life by arranging social activities for meeting other new-comers, by showing us around the campus, and by giving us helpful hints and warnings about what was to come.

When lectures started I got another impression of college life. I suddenly realized that I was very much on my own. No one really cares whether or not you do the work assigned. They don't really even care whether or not you attend lectures, although freshmen must attend seven-eighths of their classes. There was no one right on hand to tell you whether you were in the right course, or whether or not you were becoming involved in too many outside activities. But it is wonderful to feel that you are considered an adult now, and that it is up to you to make these decisions.

One of the greatest benefits of going to a large university such as McGill, is the opportunity for gaining a broader outlook on life. You have the chance to join any of a large number of activities. You can help with Radio McGill or the McGill Daily, sing in the Choral Society, support the political party of your choice, engage in almost any sport you desire, or join any of the many other activities available. I have mentioned only a few. There is also the opportunity for meeting many people from all parts of the world, and for comparing their cultures with your own. There is an extremely large range of courses which one can follow, and the difference between teaching methods in high school and college makes them doubly interesting. If you take a language, you speak this language in all your lectures. If you take a science subject, you spend a large part of your time in the laboratory. In English, much of the analyzing of poems and books is left up to the student.

Going to McGill this year has been a wonderful experience, and it has proven to be all that I expected and hoped it would be. The work isn't easy; whatever you do, don't think that it is; but it is extremely interesting to be a part of an institute of higher learning which offers such a wonderful chance to continue your education.

My very best to you all,

Sue Piper

30 my favorite eighth-grader
 has a truck
 Julie
 Addison





Student

May, 1961
The Assembly Hall of O.L.C.

The entire room was hushed in deep silence. All chattering and rattling of paper ceased and the principal, Dr. Osborne, began to announce the results of the election for May Queen and the student officers for the following year:

Our May Queen was Phyllis Dowling and her princesses were Gwen Scharf and Judy Wolte. The New Head Girl was Sandra Carter; A.A. Prefect, Marilynne Mack; S.C.M. Prefect, Pat Cowan; and Yearbook Editor, Marilyn Maxwell.

STUDENT COUNCIL:

Sandra Carter, as Head Girl, is President of the Student Council. She chose Jill MacMillan for her Vice-President and Bonnie Pedersen for her Secretary-Treasurer- both new girls this year. The Student Council consists of Sandy and her Committee: the other three Prefects, the four House Captains and all of the class presidents. This body meets regularly with Miss Bone to discuss the affairs of school life at O.L.C: dress, student privileges and student activities. The student Council plans the annual "Holly Hop", which was very successful this year.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION:

This year's Athletic Association officials are: Marilynne Mack, President; Cathy Holmes Vice-President; Dorothy Elsie, Secretary; and Dianne Kempton, Treasurer. The A.A. consists of the four House-Captains, Sub-Captains, and Sports Captains. Under the helpful direction of Mrs. Andrew, the A.A. has done a marvellous job of organizing the sports events for this year. Their first project was Field Day and later Volley Ball, Basketball, and a Swimming Club organized by Mrs. Roblin. The A.A. formal was enjoyed by all!

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT:

Patricia Cowan is our S.C. M. Prefect for this year with, Charlotte Dafoe as her Secretary and Bonnie Pedersen as Treasurer. The S.C.M. also has a committee for our foster child. The Worship Service for Saturday morning "Oysters" is usually led by the S.C.M committee. Under the guidance of Miss McDowell, the S.C.M. bazaar was very successful. The proceeds from this annual event, and Sunday evening offerings, are used for the benefit of the less fortunate.

THE YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE:

Year Book Editor, Marilyn Maxwell and her Committee have made our Year Book this year a successful one. With the assistance of Miss Cooke and Miss Tamplin, the Committee began work at the beginning of the school term and worked steadily throughout the year. In years to come, we will enjoy looking back to the days spent at O.L.C. and will recognize the book as a good effort.

Organizations



Student Council



S. C. M.



Yearbook Staff

Athletic Association



CARTER HOUSE

"Straight please, Carter House!"

Know who that is? You don't! Why, that's Bev Butler, and that long somewhat wiggley line beside her is Carter House. You'll recognize us any place, because of those smart red ties we wear, and because of our inability to stand in a straight line for more than forty seconds. There's more to us than ties or poor balance though, so in case you're interested, here's the story.

Our house is named after Miss J. May Carter, who served as Dean here at O.L.C. from 1951 to 1957. Last May, we elected Beverly Butler as our House Captain, and she has proved to be a fine leader. This bouncing Bermudian has enough "get up and go" for all of us, and her own genuine interest in Carter House arouses our "fighting spirit" as well.

Our sub-captain is Donna Campbell. When she says "Now look here...", we know she means business, but then she smiles and we know she's only joking. She is a wonderful help to Bev, and does her part in serving the House cheerfully and well.

Jill Macmillan is our Sports Captain. Although she was a new girl this year, she fulfills her duties as well as any old girl could, and supports her House with the best of them.

Our theme for the bazaar was Mexico. We didn't win the prize, but we had a lot of fun decorating the booth, and I think that somewhere between the paint brushes and the tiger skin, we all got to know each other a little better.

Our volleyball team made a fine showing in the tournament last December. We were very proud of it. The girls displayed good sportsmanship, win or lose, and received enthusiastic sideline support from the non-athletic members of the House.

The players were:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| (1) Sandra Gill | (5) Judy Barr |
| (2) Penny Fasken | (6) Midge Edwards |
| (3) Sheila Moore | (7) Jill Macmillan |
| (4) Julie Hamilton | (8) Beverly Butler |

Nice going, gals!

We have the basketball tournament coming up next, and although the team hasn't been selected yet, we know they'll do a fine job.

Well, there it is. Carter House, past and present. By the way, if you like success stories, keep an eye on our future, too!

Elizabeth Hazen
Grade XIII

FAREWELL HOUSE



"No talking please,
And keep lines straight"
For surely Farewell House will rate
With such competent leaders as Dorothy and Molly
We're bound to come second, if not first, by golly!

Volleyball occurred at the first of the year,
And over this, I might add, we shed many a tear,
Though the spirit was high and everyone tried
Naturally we wound up with the booby prize.

Though our year's almost over,
There is lot more to come,
Basketball, May Day,
Farewell hopes to score some.



Though we were told not to tell,
We decided to yell
About the numerous times
Miss K. has skipped lines.

Late for lines
Bed not made
That's our Captain, always delayed
But all in all everyone can say
She tops them all in every way.

We will all remember this wonderful year
The triumphs, the downfalls, and every good cheer.



Farewell

P.S. Farewell House is named after the Reverend
Francis L. Farewell, B.A. (called "Daddy")
Principal of Ontario Ladies' College 1915-28.



*Is the
cutest
girl at the
School. Right
Carol M.*

HARE



Throughout the year as we stood in Main Hall,
Hare was the House that was envied by all.
Neal and Jid were the ones who lead,
And with them House spirit never went dead.
Judy O. was the Captain of sports
Who kept us in action while we were in shorts.
And through the years with memories still there,
Of the school and kids, we remember Dear Hare.

MAXWELL HOUSE



Dear Reader,

Hello, my name is Max and I am pictured above. I am mascot for Maxwell House which consists of a group of enthusiastic girls who wear the bold blue ties.

Maxwell House is named after Anne Maxwell who was Dean at Ontario Ladies' College, from 1915 to 1944. One of the windows in Grace Chapel is dedicated to the Dean.

The House leader is Janet Coventry. She straighten's Maxwell's lines by roaring, "Stand straight and don't wiggle!" in typical English army officer style. Janet's able assistant is sub-captain Jan Bailey. Jan, hailing from the West efficiently lassoes any stragglers to lines.

Where sports are concerned matters are turned over to Sports Captain, Sue Moffatt. Sue coaches Maxwell's fighting teams who did well in the Volleyball Tournament and who hopes to be as successful in the approaching Swimming Meet and Basketball Tournament. Below are pictured the members of the teams.

VOLLEYBALL TEAM

BASKETBALL TEAM



Sue Moffatt, Jan Bailey, Janet Coventry, Wanda Farris, Lois Lofthouse, Lisa Girven, Dian McCormack, Marilyn Ephgrave, Carolyn Tanner.

After the November Bazaar, I proudly watched Maxwell, at this event, win the prize for their sharp decorations colourfully portraying "DISNEYDAZE".

In closing I should like to mention my trusted keeper, Dianne McCormick who guards me against elephant thieves.

Cheerio,
Max

*Hello there Indra.
Best to you
Kathryn Pottle*



*Lots of fun
and luck for the
future
Love Linda
Girven*

*Come down and see us sometime
in Colombia - till then, lotsa love
Sampre.*
DR. OSBORNE'S CHOIR

The seventeen girls in our 'a capella choir' melodiously participate in the daily worship and Sunday service under the direction of Kathryn Sarjeant.

Weeks of diligent practice were rewarded by a successful, 'Festival of Carols'. This year the well-attended candlelight program was highlighted by several of Dr. Osborne's own arrangements. Jan Bailey was the soloist and Mr. Jerome gave an organ recital.

As a climax to the season, the choir was invited to the Metropolitan United Church, Toronto, to be broadcast over CFRB Radio.

FIRSTS:

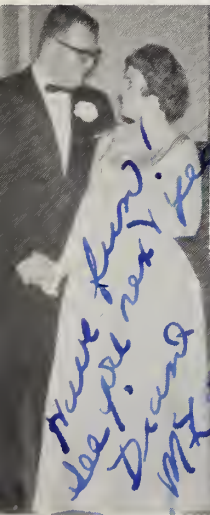
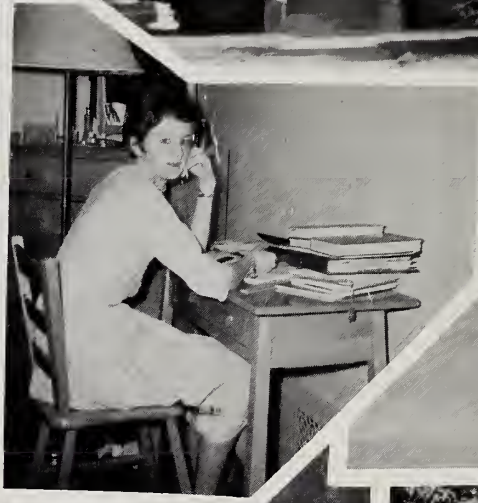
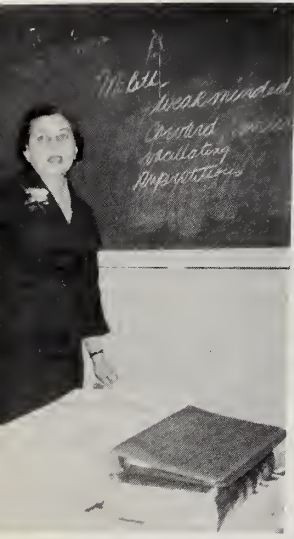
Kathy Pottle
Donna Campbell
Ann McWhir
Neal Gribben
Jan Bailey

ALTOS:

Robin McGibbon
Dianne Kempton
Marilynne Mack
Bonnie Pedersen
Sue Moffatt
Kathryn Sarjeant

SECONDS:

Sandy Carter
Lisa Girven
Margaret Edwards
Julia Hamilton
Carol Inch
Dianne Smyth





ACTIVITIES



Sept 7

Dear Diary,

Today was such a happy day for my brother Sleepy and me. Most of our old friends and many new ones came to greet us.

Tonight we watched from the balcony as the girls and teachers met. Mrs. Andrews, our new P.E. teacher led the girls in games. Seeing all the smiling faces we couldn't help but think that this year at OLC was going to be the greatest ever.

Yours truly,
Cornelius Lion
Guard at the Front Door

Sept 16

Dear Diary,

Early this morning my brother Sleepy and I tried to sneak around the bus headed for Stratford, but Miss Bone didn't think that there would be enough room! However, we heard that the girls enjoyed the play, Henry VIII, and that the building was beautiful.



Sept 23

Dear Diary,

Another bus trip and this time we were allowed to go. Someone had to watch the girls on the first camping week-end the school has ever had. We laughed, or rather roared, as lions do, as the new girls splattered with mud and lipstick turned cartwheels and stumbled over tongue-twisters.

The "old girls" really outdid themselves at stunt night and we think the most outstanding penalty was paid by Sue Moffatt. Gaily she and our own dear Dr. Osborne waltzed around the cow-pasture to the tune of the "The Blue Danube".

For Sunday morning, the S.C.M. and Miss Bone had planned an outdoor church service.

That evening we packed our luggage aboard the buses and began our long trip back to O.L.C.



Sept 29

Dear Diary,

Sleepy and I lighted the campfire and then stepped into the background shadows to watch the "new girls" display their talents. The events were hilarious and the 'old girls' were adequately avenged. Barb Turcot brushed her teeth with a big black clothes brush and Kathy Pottle portrayed an OLC girl out for her first general. The evening ended when our Head Girl was almost dumped into a cold tub, but Mrs. Bird saved the day-for Sandy at any rate!





Inter-School Dances



Dear Diary,

Oct. 14

Our first dance! I escorted the boys from U.C.C. down the main hall as the girls descended the stairs looking "maidenly" and "winsomely modest." The evening began with variety dances and soon everyone was having an enjoyable time.

Tours of the school were conducted and later in the evening lunch was served.

Soon it was midnight, and all had to leave. After goodbyes had been said, the girls rushed upstairs to conduct a 'post mortum'.



Dear Diary,

Oct. 21

Tonight we were guests at a dance held at Pickering College! It seemed to me as I watched from the corner sofa that the boys were excellent hosts. I'm quite sure that everyone had a wonderful time.



*This is me at my beautifullest
Molly McQuarrie*



Dear Diary,

Oct. 27

The witches and goblins were, perhaps, not as perky this year as usual due to the flu epidemic. However, most recovered sufficiently to attend the dinner. The three bears, June, Barb, and Reta, won the prize for costume originality and Mrs. Hipwell's table won the decorating prize.





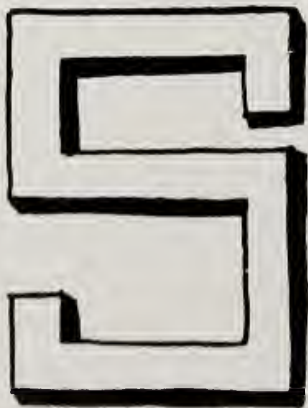
Dear Diary,

Nov. 4'

Today, on one of the most beautiful fall days, the girls held their annual S.C.M. Bazaar.... a great success! All the hours of hard work and preparation seemed well rewarded, when crowds of friends and relatives packed the Assembly Hall.

Maxwell House won the prize for decorations with the theme Disneydaze. Farewell's theme was a Gypsy Wagon; Hare's..... Canada and Carter'sthe Jungle.

A return dance with Upper Canada College, that evening made the day really complete!



M



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Z
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R



*Joyce DeWitt
Beverly Butler
Judy Barr*

Christmas



Dance

Dear Diary,

I would have loved to shake hands with all the beautiful girls, as they walked through the Reception Line, this evening at the Mistletoe Mingle. The theme was suggested by Joyce De Witt and Janet Dilworth.

Our Queen, Joyce DeWitt and her Princesses, Beverley Butler and Judy Barr were chosen by the Band Leader, as the happiest girls at the dance.



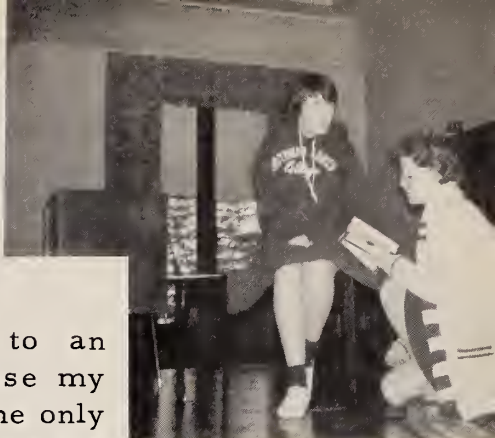


Dear Diary,

This was our last meal together in year 1961- the Christmas Dinner, the Candle Procession, Carol Singing and the Tableau was enjoyed by all. The Turkey Dinner was especially delicious! It was sad to see the girls leave, but they seemed so happy that it made me happy too.







Dear Diary,

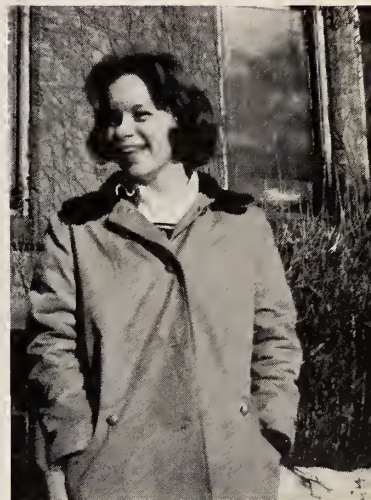
All good things must come to an end and so it is that I must close my Diary for this year. However, the only disappointing part is that our Year Book must go to Press, March 20th-before the School Year is completed. Thus, I can not relate what the future holds, although I'd like to mention a few things that I have heard.

The week after our Annual At-Home Formal (March 17th), Mrs. Parson's Drama Class will entertain us with the play 'Antigone'. It is a Greek tragedy, I believe. Oh, I do wish I could see it! Perhaps, I could sneak a view from behind

In April, Senior Dinner will be held. This is one of the most memorable activities of the School Year- not just because of the formal and delicious turkey dinner, but here words of advice, wisdom and encouragement are given to our Seniors, and their days spent at O.L.C. are recalled.

The next big attraction will be May Day and all those long tiresome hours of practice. I rather enjoy watching the girls as they happily(?) march around and around 'the heart'. By the way, we are publishing the pictures from last year's May Day, since they could not be printed in the 1961 Year Book.

Before I know it, the girls will be leaving O.L.C. for another year. It will be sad to see them go. This school year has been really grand! I have had many new experiences and have learned much. I only hope all the girls have too!



M
A
Y



D
A
Y

19

61











THE UPPER RYERSON STORY

It all began one day when ten girls were assigned to Upper Ryerson as home for the next nine months. Mrs. Luffman was to be their housemother, counselor, guide, expert in clothes matching and defender from mice.

At first, everyone was shy, but, at last, a few brave girls broke the ice and seeds for life-long friendships were sown.

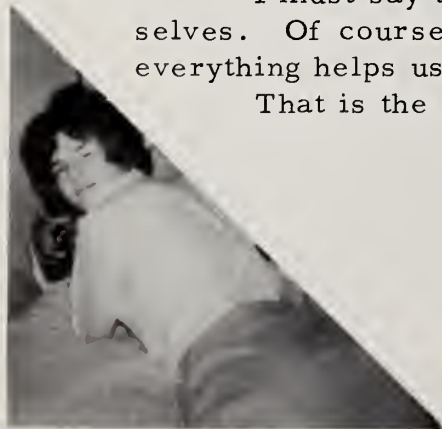
There are two rather famous girls on our hall. Of course, I'm speaking of no other than the Lambert Twins. These two have everyone I've seen "licked". When Wednesday, the day before Speech Arts, rolls around, everyone on the hall knows what is coming Thursday. And the day Jill put a rubber scorpion in my room! That was funny, after I pried my finger nails out of the ceiling.

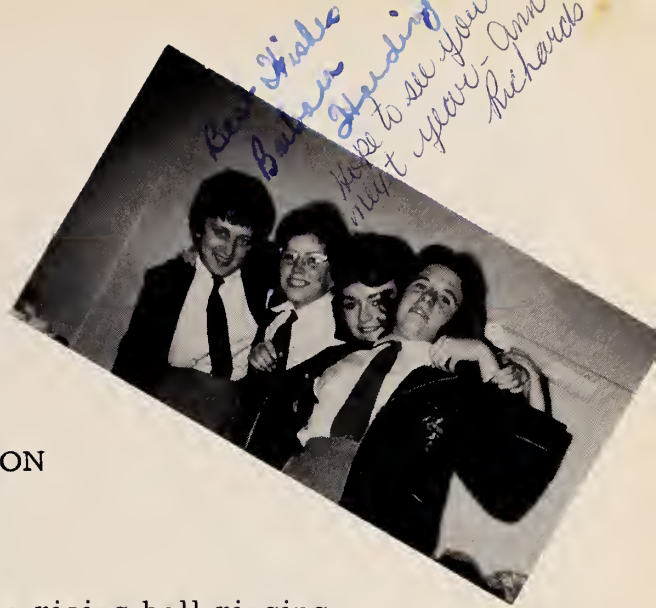
There have been other memorable incidents. I recall my third night here. It was after nine o'clock and "lights out". Mrs. Luffman had gone down to the big study hall, and Mrs. Tucker was in charge. All was quiet. Suddenly, about four girls decided they wanted to come and say "good night" to the rest. Just as they started down the hall, who should start up the stairs? Mrs. Tucker! Well, there was one mad scramble and they all got safely into some-one's closet. After Mrs. Tucker had gone down - stairs, four unsteady girls tiptoed to their own rooms.

I must say that our hall is a good hall. We all enjoy ourselves. Of course, there are times when quarrels arise, but everything helps us to understand girls of our own age better.

That is the story folks!

Cassandra Keyser
Grade VIII





LOWER RYERSON

At seven o'clock we hear the rising bell ringing
And then, too soon another one
Which means breakfast is beginning.
As we sit waiting for our toast to arrive
Some of us feel we'll never survive.

A whole day of classes can be quite a pain
Especially, if you think learning's in vain!
And then after school, when we're back on our hall
We think it's now time to have a ball.

But, alas, misfortune, there's on command...
Hurry up and get some fresh air
'Twill do you grand.
Tired and sad, we struggle for the door,
Run around the heart and indeed no more.

All out of breath, we go to our rooms
To sing, dance and drive out the blues.
Soon there is supper and to our dismay
One and one half hours of study- no play.

After study, when we're up on our hall
We try again to have a ball.
But before we know it
The lights-out bell is ringing
Soon another day at O.L.C.
Will be beginning.

Siegrid Mandler

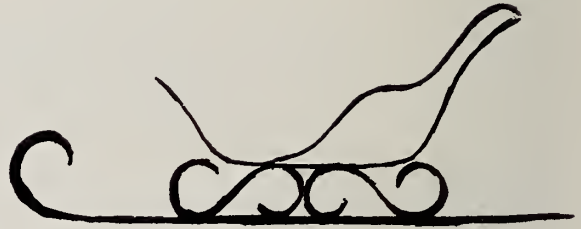




NIGHT PARTIES

:Sung to the tune of Jingle Bells

Dashing down the hall,
In a mad rush for that room,
Over the boards we go
Laughing as we zoom
Bringing out the food
Covering up the light,
Oh what fun we'll have
-Come join our midnight feast tonight!



Oh Jingle bells, Jingle bells
Hush now not a word!
Watch that board it creaks a lot,
What happens if we're heard?

Oh Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
Teeth chattering all the way
In the office we soon learned
That Night Parties just don't pay.

A day or two to go
And then we will be home
Let's celebrate it now, girls,
Sh-someone's started to roam
Then on-flick goes the light
Giving us a fright
Now that we are caught,
Things don't look quite so bright.

-Susanne Rankin



CAUGHT !!

UPPER FRAN

GRADE X1



We're Mrs. Hipwell's "angels"
From our heads unto our toes.
With our halos slightly tarnished,
Or so the story goes.
Innocent? little angels with golden hair,
Here comes Charlotte- Beware!
"Now, girls, you'd better pay your fees."
Drawls Carmen with Bermudian ease.
In gym, with many a groan and oh!
Margaret tries to touch her toe.
There goes Carol, dancing and singing.
"My," says Sharon, "But my head is ringing!"
Wanda and Julie are late for skating,
While Lisa and Carole are patiently waiting.
Hark! there goes the ten o'clock bell.
In every room all should be well.
But lo! What sound in 231?
Kay, Carol, and Vivian are having fun.
Chris and Laureen dream of U.C.C.
The source of Chris' Hope... and Henry.
While Carolyn dreams blissfully on
Until the new day breaks at dawn.
That leaves only roomie and me.
And what but boys should our interest be.
Oh! we're Mrs. Hipwell's "angels"
From our heads unto our toes,
With our halos slightly tarnished,
And so the story goes!



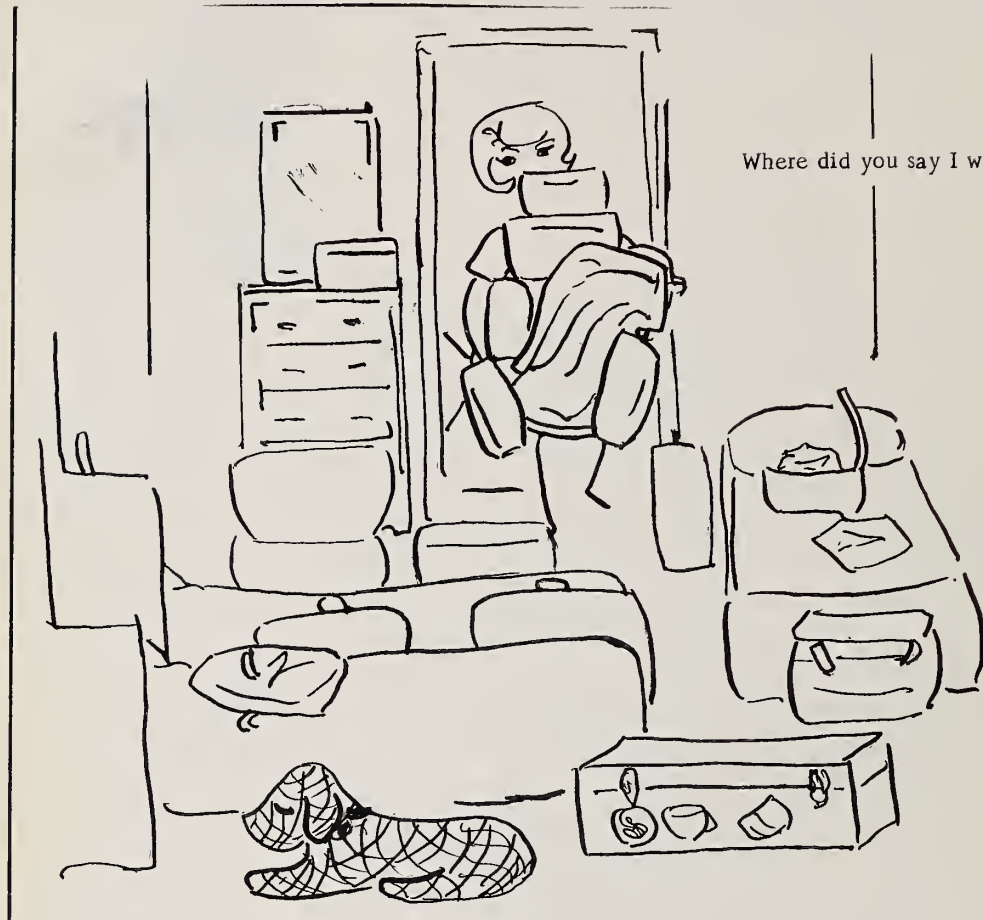
A NIGHT ON LOWER FRAN



It is 9.45 on Lower Fran hall.
Mrs. Bird is beginning her usual call;
"Have you girls been to the bathroom yet?"
"Oh, yes, Mrs. Bird-that's why we're all wet!"
Miss Chown's been washing for hours it seems.
She scrubs her poor face till it actually gleams.
Oh, here comes Miss Gribben reciting MacBeth,
And Miss Maxwell who's muttering under her breath.
Miss Robertson seems to be still doing hair.
Miss Tada and Barr can't decide what to wear.
Miss Elsie is listening to some hockey match,
And Miss Wilson is putting her ear plugs in-natch!
Miss Holmes and Miss Martin are holding their breath,
Hoping that they won't be called Mutt and Jeff.
Miss Mack and Miss Cowan are so busy- then
Take advantage of lights out to think of their men.
"Oklohoma!" 's reminding Miss Campbell it seems,
He's gone out of her arms and into her dreams.
Miss Dilworth is pinned to a fellow called Wayne,
And, of course, Miss DeWitt got a letter again.
"McQuarrie, stop whistling, if you don't mind!"
Miss Coventry says as she comes up behind.
Miss Bailey is singing away like a bird,
A prettier voice Miss Snelgrove ne'er heard.
Miss Edwards is dancing her way up the hall,
And Miss Ingle is teasing her hair till it's tall.
Miss Drynan and "Ambush" have just zoomed past,
And the hall is reduced to quiet at last.
Mrs. Bird can relax till the morrow and then,
Things start to happen all over again.



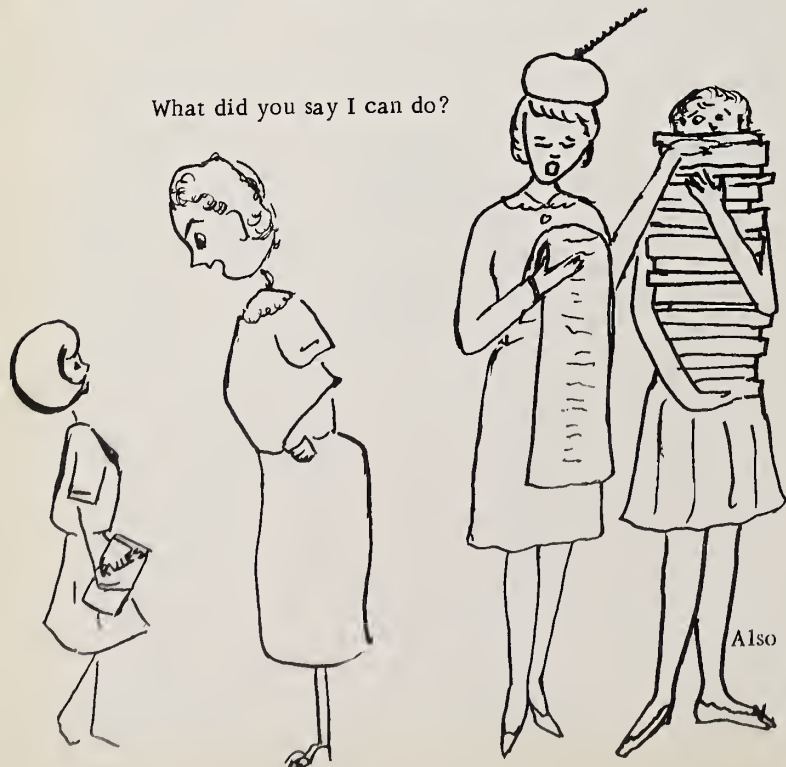
Remember



Where did you say I was to put my stuff?



What did you say I can do?



You say Eaton's got the order mixed up?

Also a 'Living Latin', a dictionary, a 'Francais Vivant'



The first week:



The last week:



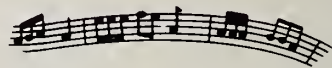
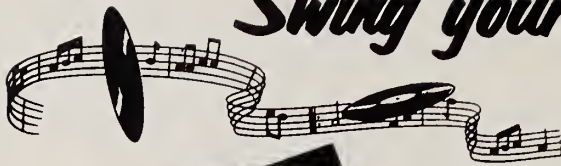
7.00

*Suzanne Rankin
and
Cue Taylor*



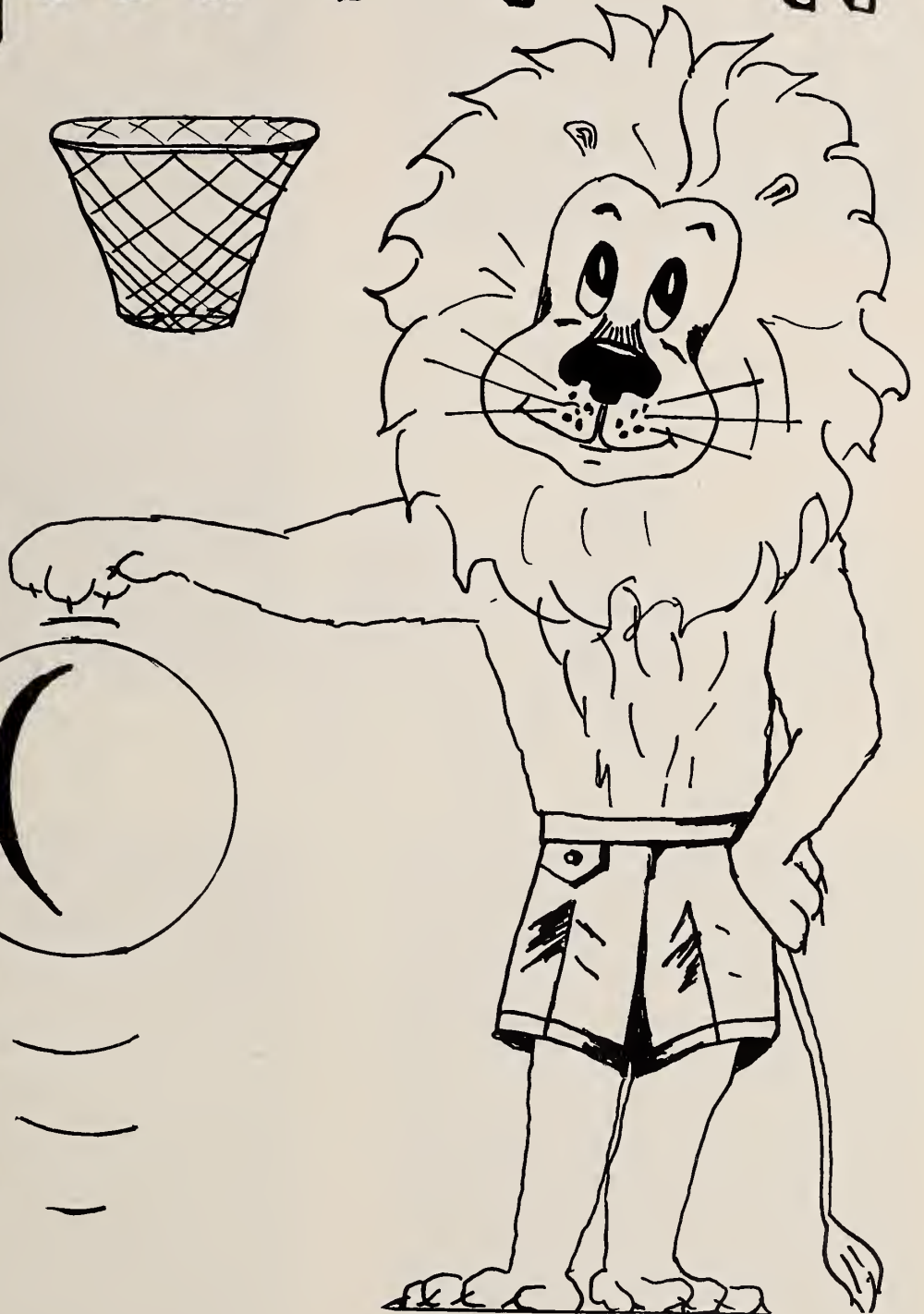
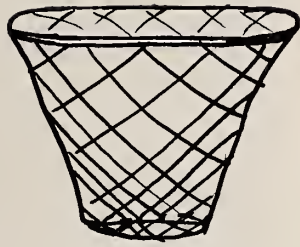
8.10

Swing your partner!



SIXTY-11

POPARTS

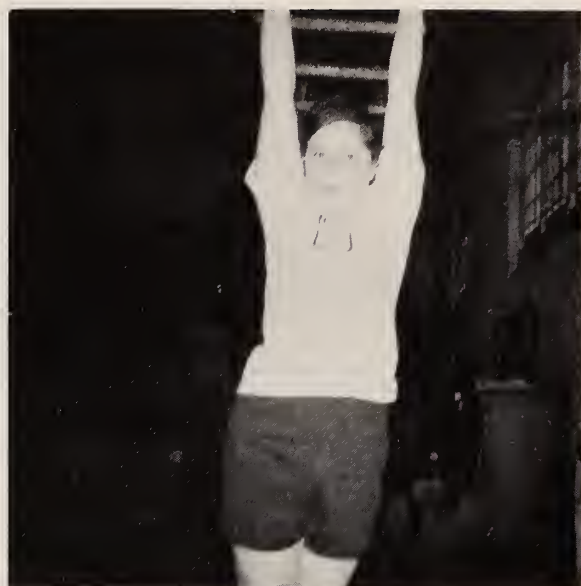




FIELD DAY

On October, 1961 after a year's absence the tradition of an annual field day was resumed. The events consisted of the high jump, two broad jumps, and various races and relays. The girls were classified as Seniors, Intermediates, Juniors, or Juveniles. From the Houses, three girls in each class were allowed to enter each event and a point was given to each entrant. Beverley Butler walked away as Senior Champion with 41 points; Helen Janes came first in the Intermediate classification with 32 points; Susan Hall was the leader in the Juniors with 34 points and Lois Lofthouse in the Juveniles with 30 points. The winning House was Carter with 150 points and following their leader were Maxwell with 132 points, Farewell with 129 points and Hare with 95 points. We hope that next year will be an equally successful year for our track and field.





Volleyball

GRADE IX

CAPTAIN: Diane McCormick
Helen Janes
Lois Lofthouse
Anne Carley
Donna Hall
Sandra Gill
Linda Summerbell
Wendy Schloen
Margaret Godefroy
Sue King
Sue Hastings
Maureen Jones
Barbara Jupp
Cassandra Keyser



VOLLEYBALL:

There was excitement and enthusiasm at all the Volleyball games. The teams (Grade IX, Junior, and Senior) played with great spirit and enjoyed all the games, although they did not win the final tournament.



Junior Volleyball

Senior Volleyball

CAPTAIN: Janet Dilworth
 Marilynne Mack
 Neal Gribben
 Margaret Edwards
 Dorothy Elsie
 Bev Butler
 Sue Moffatt
 Judy Olmsted
 Heather Ingle
 Donna Campbell
 Janet Coventry
 Peg McCullough

CAPTAIN: Laureen Moody
 Susan Hall
 Diane McCormick
 Wendy Piper
 Julia Hamilton
 Liza Girven
 Leslie Ormston
 Eve Taylor
 Carolyn Campbell
 Christine McKinney
 Linda Willan
 Carolyn Tanner
 Sheila Moore





To my favourite
grade 8
Love
Chris McKinney

Junior Basketball

Susan Hall
Wendy Piper
Sheila Moore
Laureen Moody
Diane McCormick
Christine McKinney
Carolyn Campbell

Rosemary Chapman
Linda Willan
Carolyn Tanner
Charlotte Dafoe
Carolyn Campbell
Wanda Faris

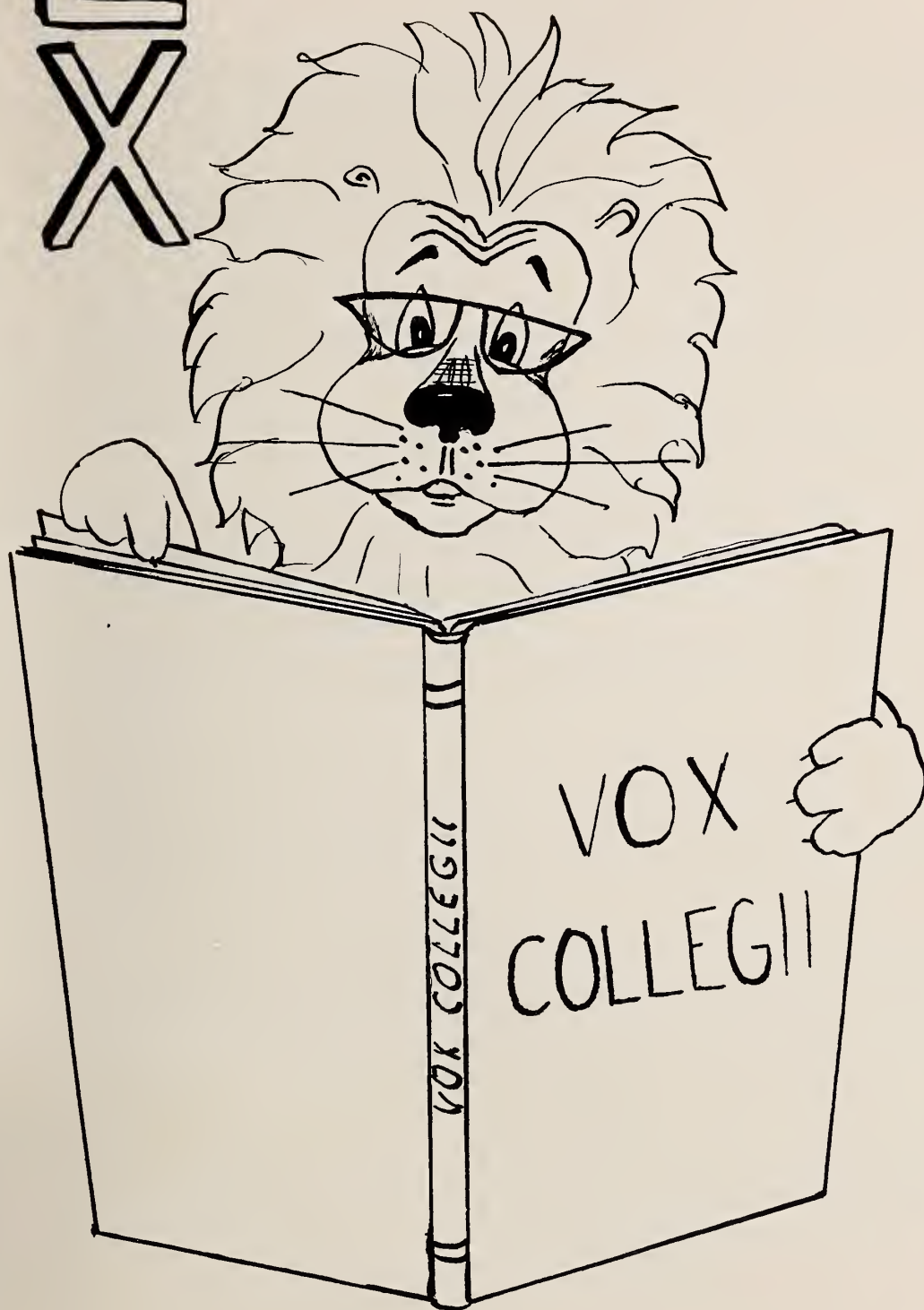
Senior Basketball

CAPTAIN:

Beverly Butler
Marilynne Mack'
Neal Gribben
Janet Dilworth
Peg McCullough
Dorothy Elsie
Gill Callingham
Cathy Holmes
Sue Moffatt
Judy Olmsted
Nancy Richardson
Heather Ingle



EX



LIBRARY

THE STRANGE CONVERSATION

Yesterday afternoon when we had a spare, I went back to the cupboard between the cloak-rooms. I heard the galoshes talking.

"Oh, the treatment I've undergone!" gasped a weak voice "That nasty dog should be taught some decent respect for footwear. It's a wonder I still hold together. I didn't think I should ever come out alive."

"If I only had a dog to cope with," intervened a new voice, "I would consider myself quite fortunate. But when a housewife becomes angry with your soiled appearance and flings you first into a turbulent washer and then into a hot, rapidly revolving electric dryer, it is a wonder that the torn fragments of my remains are not lying this very minute in a discarded clothes pile."

"Oh, stop this terrible talk," said a cheery voice. "It's a beautiful day and everyone should be happy."

"It's easy for you to talk that way," replied the weak voice. "You were bought only yesterday and you don't know the hard life of goloshes."

"You must have something to be thankful for" returned the cheery voice.

"Well," thought the weak voice, maybe I have. I do remember the time when I was soaking wet, Johnny was kind enough to place me on top of the furnace, and his mother was thoughtful enough to take me off before I was scorched."

"Don't you think you might have something to be thankful for, too?" He asked the pair of goloshes beside him. His voice was strengthening now as he thought of how he had been treated kindly.

"Of course, when I think of it there are plenty of times I have been treated with respect" was the reply. "I guess life is not as bad as we thought it was."

But my listening was shattered by the sound of footsteps approaching in the hall. They were familiar footsteps, the footsteps of the teacher, and to avoid trouble, I quickly hurried to my seat. But, as I was doing so, I heard the goloshes singing merrily:

"It's a happy life!

'Tis a happy life-

The life of a pair of goloshes"

-Cherryl Sackett

- Grade Vlll

OLD BOOKS AND NEW

How strange they seem together! The ancient leather-bound volume entitled 'A Christmas Carol' lay with an air of dusky and dog-eared antiquity beside the crisp, brilliantly-coloured detective story.

It was as though a brilliant peacock lay in all its rainbow splendour beside a timid and diffident wood-thrush. Yet, of these two, which sings the sweeter song, the more haunting melody? Surely, it is the wood-thrush in her morning garb who trills with unequalled beauty in the quiet, shadowy woods.

So it is with books. For although Dickens is jammed far into the sepulchral recesses of a gloomy closet, it sings of life; his rising and falling cadences are now joyful, now filled with sorrow. The wood-thrush sings only in the forest; so, too often, Dickens is left to sing while banished to the dirty closet.

Why are the works of Dickens, Shakespeare, Hardy or Austin tossed carelessly into the trash can? These books which are full of human understanding, human emotions do not deserve such fate.

Partially they sink under the weight of their own glory. We are prejudiced against the 'Classics' for we are brought up to believe that they are dull and too involved for the average reader to understand.

Another outstanding reason is our own mental laziness. Because we do not want to use our minds, we shun a good book one that might require us to do some serious thinking. It might instil some of those dangerous little things called 'ideas' in our minds.

Instead of seeking mental elevation, we seek diversion in mystery stories. Mysteries take our minds off our worries, but do not raise questions in our minds concerning reasons for human conduct or salient problems in society.

The tragedy of the modern man is that we are too lazy to broaden our minds or to reach out our hands for new understanding. It is too much bother to walk ten miles to hear a wood-thrush when we can listen to the raucous cries of the peacock at home.

To every man the doorway to the land of good books is unlocked. However, he must be willing to turn the knob and give the door a push. There comes to every man that seeks the eternal promise that he will find; to every man who knocks the promise of an open door.

Janet McRae
Grade XI

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF BOOK

'Lonely Crusader'

'Lonely Crusader' is one of many biographical sketches on the life of Florence Nightingale. This particular book is essentially different. The author writes in an impersonal, almost offhand manner. She doesn't try to captivate the reader with descriptions of exciting ventures in Miss Nightingale's life but rather is writing for the sake of information.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith has a definite, unfluctuating style. Her sentences and paragraphs contain pithy, compact word which can carry much meaning to the reader. Her sentences come straight to the point, are, in effect, concise and don't linger unnecessarily. Despite this conciseness, very minute details are given concerning Florence, her surroundings, the people near her and her own life. The reader is made to feel intimate and close to the subject. To write in an impersonal vein and yet give the reader this intimacy is a task only Mrs. Woodham-Smith could have accomplished.

The author's style is tedious and terse to the point of staleness because it is the same, paragraph after paragraph, and chapter after chapter. She never changes to more exciting or colourful channels. It is always statement after statement of facts which would ordinarily tire the reader. But this is the point at which Mrs. Woodham-Smith rises. She writes in such a way that fact

follows fact, sentence upon sentence from the beginning to the end. Here she plays upon the reader's curiosity and to be satisfied one must read to the end.

In the first chapters details of Florence's early life and character which aren't generally known, are dwelt on. These first chapters are also lightly philosophical in tone - she writes not only the facts but what Florence felt and thought.

The very few descriptions in the book are contained in the chapters about her Crimean experiences. These are vivid but still terse to the point of being sardonic.

'Lonely Crusader' is an abridged edition of Florence Nightingale by Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith. This edition dwells mainly on Miss Nightingale's early life and career. I would recommend this book to the average reader but it is not a book that I would wish to read in one sitting. True, my curiosity led me to the end but I didn't experience any restless desire to keep reading and reading. If a reader wishes to study the life of Florence Nightingale, then I strongly advise you to read 'Lonely Crusader' or, even the unabridged edition 'Florence Nightingale' by the same author.

Molly McQuarrie
Grade XII

MY VOID

Who Thou art I know not,
Nor do I know what I wish
Thou'dst be;
For life with its trials,
Joys, and all else,
Remains a mystery to me.

Others tell me the joy
of Thy knowing
And do their best
To show Thee to me,
And tho' my heart is uncertain
My mind is sure
That, sooner than later,
Thy glory I'll see.

June Proctor
Grade XIII

CHRISTMAS EVE

I see the lights of some far-distant city
As they arc and glimmer far above the clouds.
The black-gowned pines hold solemn council;
A mist of reverence lies on the star-flecked snow.
O Wolf and Owl, will you dare to scream
A bloody challenge to this peaceful night?
You carrion eaters! this is my answer -
A small child has come to us this night.
He comes from some far holier city -
That city gleaming in ethereal splendor.
He has come to be a force far greater
Than bloody Creed or Carrion Death.
In brightness and in constancy,
He is greater than the Northern Star,
That stable monarch in the fiery chaos
That men presume to call the Universe.
Your song is death-chant, ye Wolves,
Both ye living shadows of the snows,
And you ghostly shadows haunting Earth,
Seeking the souls of men to kill and eat -
Silence! Death's power is but nought.
The King of Love shall reign forever.

Janet McRae

WAKE ME NOT

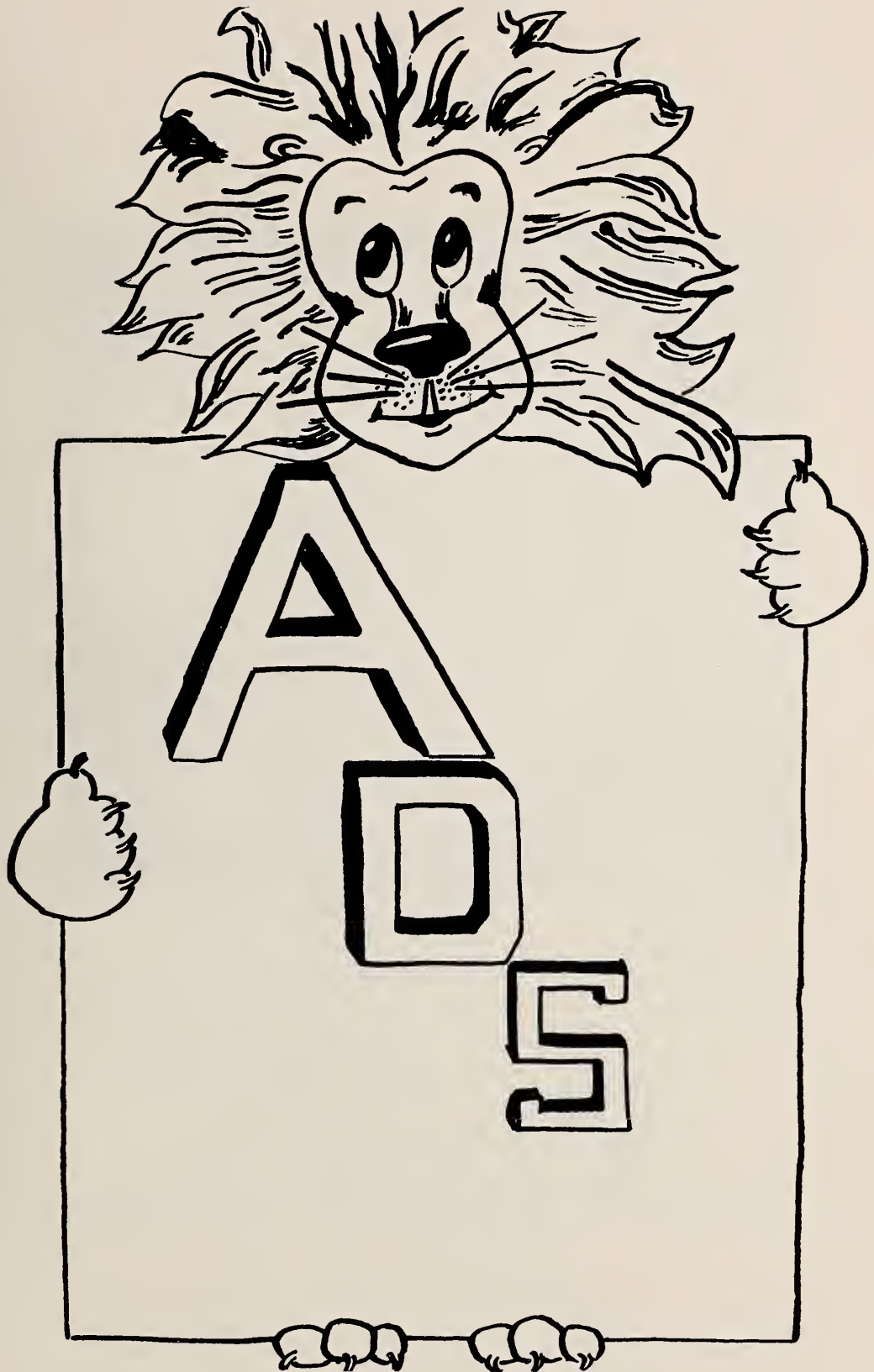
Wake me not if I should slumber,
Dark head dropping on my hand,
For the day was long and grey.
I am in another land.

Wake me not if I am smiling,
Dreaming of some joy-filled day.
Leave me be for I am happy.
Softly go upon your way.

Wake me not if then a tear-drop
Twinkles down like silver rain.
I am thinking of a moment
That will never come again.

Wake me not when I am dreaming
Window ledge my wooden cot.
Look awhile with tender smile,
Creep away- and wake not not.

Judith Drynan,
Grade XII





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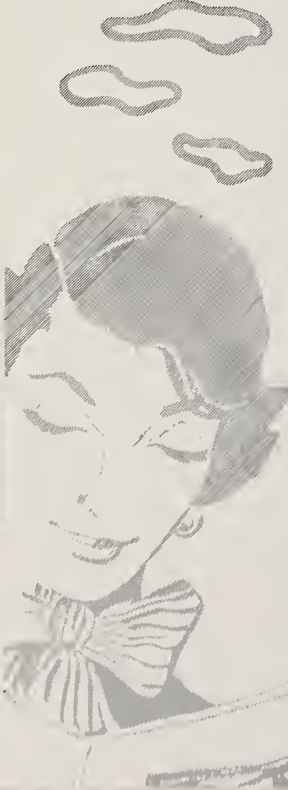
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SNELGROVE, Leslie	1299 Don Mills Rd., Don Mills, Ont.	
STORM, Shirley	66 Radford Ave., Fort Erie, Ont.	
SUMMERBELL, Lynda	42 Churchill Ave., Willowdale, Ont.	BA 2-1673
TADA, Tiko	184 Cavan St., Port Hope, Ont.	TU 5-5670
TANNER, Carolyn	6 Parkman Place, Westmount, Quebec	HU 6-4942
TAYLOR, Eveleigh	Apt. 610A, Parkview Apts., Collingswood 6, N.J.	
TURCOT, Barbara	1 Trasimene Cresc., Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alta.	
WILLAN, Linda	1120 Green St., Whitby, Ontario	MO 8-3130
WILSON, Lois	1 Gordon Ave., Agincourt, Ont.	AX 3-6349.

J. M. HICKS

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WATCH & JEWELLERY REPAIRS

DUNDAS STREET WEST, WHITBY.

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